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NUMBER SECOND.

The Crystal Hills.—*Stage Company.*—*The Wanderer.*—*The Forest.*—*Crawford's Inn.*—*Caprices of Fashion.*—*Mt. Pleasant.*—*Lake of the Clouds.*—*Mt. Washington.*—*The Notch.*—*Mountain Slides.*—*Conclusion.*

If we may credit tradition, the highest summits of the White Mountains were first discovered by the distinguished navigator, Capt. John Smith.—They were first visited in 1632, twelve years after the settlement of Plymouth, by several intrepid adventurers from that colony, who on their return represented them as stupendous in size, and majestic in appearance. On account of their brilliant aspect they gave to them the appellation of the "Crystal Hills." In later times, they have become a fashionable Summer resort, and are annually visited by citizens from every part of the Union. In fine, foreign tourists hardly consider their journey completed and their curiosity gratified, until they have ascended the far-famed Hills of New-Hampshire.

Having some weeks since made a brief excursion to the Franconia Notch, we concluded to employ our next period of leisure in a trip to Mount Washington. With several of our friends, we took the afternoon stage at Haverhill, and soon found, what is quite requisite to relieve the monotony of a coach ride, that our fellow travelers were not disposed to be "sedate or silent." There is a feeling of self-complacency in taking a seat in a public conveyance, which you do not realize elsewhere. You seem for the time to forget that there are any rude jostlings in the world, or that "bitter thoughts" ever come rushing over the heart.—Thus was it with our party; and either the old proverb,—

"A little laughter now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men,"

must be true, or few of our company could present strong claims to *sapience*. There is something singularly picturesque in the varied aspect of a traveling company: almost every species of character is here appropriately represented. Here

is the quaint attorney and the merry school-teacher, the honest agriculturist and the cool and calculating merchant, the restless speculator and the wary capitalist, the fanatical ultraist and the unprincipled latitudinarian. Indeed, if we wished to convey to a distant planet a just specimen of our own New-England, in the most condensed form, and had the Herculean power requisite, we would carry off a well-filled stage-coach. In our gregarious wallet would be found some of the best and poorest specimens of the Yankee, with many of the intermediate links.

Our route lay through a level region. On every side the prospects of the husbandman appeared most cheering, and in the distance the sloping hills and gentle lawns seemed laden with a rich harvest. There was something vivifying and refreshing in every object the eye could meet—in the waving field, the silent grove, the purling rivulet. O! how strikingly does the course of nature tell us, that it was fashioned for a happier world! The cliff which kindles at sunset, and the violet which the morning dew-drop gilds, take light heed of human woe—they have not yet learned that man has departed from his early Paradise.

Among the occasional passers-by we were pointed to a man somewhat advanced in years, who, with a small cane and bundle was eagerly wending his way onward. The story is, that he was once deprived of a valuable estate, and every since has wandered about in pursuit of justice. Lapse of time has not diminished the ardor of his pursuit, and the brightness of his hope. Poor man! let him enjoy the fantasy, for if he awakes to reality, perchance it is only to find that—

"In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice."

Our feelings while looking at the condition of this unfortunate man would alone convince us of the force and sacredness of human sympathy.—We are so mysteriously made that suffering in whatever form presented never fails to excite our pity. Even where it can be of no avail we still commiserate and weep. When Pompey hurries from the field of Pharsalia, we follow him, and yearn to warn him of the perfidy of the Egyptian prince. We wish that Napoleon may escape from his sea-girt prison house, and fain would restore the "Man of Destiny" to his vine-clad France.—Nor is this sympathy confined to animated existence. The sailor boy has a strange affection for

the plank that has saved him from a watery grave.—The octogenarian looks upon his old familiar cane rather as a companion than a support. Even the spaniel will bark at the stone that has rolled too carelessly over his foot. Thus are we strangely linked in our perceptions and sympathies with all the animate and inanimate objects around us.

After passing through Littleton and Bethlehem we reached a forest of some seven or eight miles in extent. At times, the growth of trees is dense, and the spruce and cedar, covered with a shaggy moss, wear a sombre aspect. On the eastern continent in so devious a place, the traveler passing at twilight, at every rustling breeze would feel for the hilt of his trusty blade;—here he would discover only the flight of the wild duck or wood pigeon. The road at intervals runs near the Ammonoosuc, and at one point we alighted to examine a ledge of granite through which the bed of the river passes. The water has excavated a channel with perpendicular sides, varying from eight to sixteen feet in depth. The ledge is deposited in layers of nearly a foot in thickness, contains a large proportion of feldspar, and is of a very gross quality.

We had well nigh forgotten to mention that among our number was one who possessed in an eminent degree the gift of a musical voice. In passing through the forest he occasionally favored our company with a woodland song, accompanying his voice with the violin. While the very name of this instrument may awaken hostility in the minds of some, we must admit that to us no other has a more expressive richness and melody; nor have we ever been able to discover the nature of the "evil genius" which some think presides over it. Why it is that an instrument which can "discourse eloquent music" should be expelled from public worship we have yet to learn. True, it has no consciousness of its melodious vocation, or of penitence or praise,—nor has the human voice; yet both may easily aid, and in some degree express the fervor of our reverent homage.

Our party arrived at Crawford's about sunset. This public house is situated near the western opening of the Notch on the border of a meadow of a dozen acres which is almost surrounded by steep hills, and in which rises the Saco and the Ammonoosuc,—the one passing through the Notch to the southeast, the other to the west into the Connecticut. In the evening we set down to an

excellent dish of trout. A large number of this beautiful fish is caught in the streams and ponds of the vicinity. We never tasted of any of so fine a flavor; but whether this was the result of an improved appetite, or of the purity of the element from which they were taken we have not yet determined. Having adjusted our affairs for the morrow our company retired at an early hour, and soon gave practical illustration that

"Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

Whoever ascends Mount Washington may thank his stars if he is favored with a day free from vapors, smoke, and clouds. Perhaps not more than a dozen such opportunities occur in the course of the warm season, and it was our good fortune to enjoy one of them. Our party consisted of ten; five of the number were pedestrians, and five were mounted on horses kept by our host for the accommodation of visitors. A path was finished the past season, so that travelers may now ride from Mr. Crawford's to the very summit of Mt. Washington. The distance is six miles, and the direction due north. Among our equestrians on this mountain expedition was a lady from Boston, who obtaining the loan of a large coarse cloak and hood, with the courteous assistance of our guide, wrapped herself into the semblance of a sister of the strictest order. So sudden and entire was the transformation as she appeared mounted upon a little dingy pony, that the gravest countenance might well have relaxed its wonted severity. However, the value of a diamond is none the less for being shrouded in a rude covering. And after all, in view of the caprices of fashion in modern society there was something even commendable in the costume we have alluded to. We have often thought that were a Grecian sculptor to come from his long resting place, and a modern belle to present herself before him, to stand for her statue, in all the circumscribing and disorganizing habiliments which fashion now dictates, the astounded artist would hurl his chisel at the phantom, and betake himself as fast as possible to his grave!—But this has little to do with climbing the White Mountains.

For two miles we ascended through a thick wood occasionally winding along the mountain side in order to make our ascent less wearisome. Before we reached the top of Mount Clinton, the first summit in our course, the trees by degrees dwindled into shrubbery, and on the top of this eminence we found only a deep moss interspersed with low bushes and brake. A mile from this point is Mt. Pleasant, the most beautiful of the cluster of peaks which lay in our route. Its form is conical, and so perfect is its symmetry that the most refined taste could not designate any improvement in its outline. No beating crag, nor even a tree or shrub disturbs the perfect regularity of the figure. The ascent to this summit is so steep that the pathway is about as serpentine as the passages of the fabled labyrinth. It was an ample reward

for the fatigue of our trip to see the horses winding around the summit,—at one time tottering on the edge of the narrow pathway, and again climbing a steep where the wild goat would hardly venture. On reaching the top of Mount Pleasant our company seated themselves to enjoy the prospect. All were unanimous in declaring this the most magnificent view of natural scenery they had ever beheld. They, who have never visited this region have but a slight conception of the number of lofty eminences in the northern part of the Granite State,—

"Hill above hill they joyous stand
The giant billows of our land,
Their rounded scoped and wavy forms
Smile even at the frowning storms."

On resuming our expedition, we passed by the edge of a deep chasm which reached to the depth of six or seven hundred feet. Here we renewed one of the recreations of boyhood, though upon rather an enlarged scale. We disengaged, successively a number of rocks, and saw them sweep their headlong course down the side of the steep ravine. Had none of our predecessors engaged in the same pastime we should have been supplied with ampler materials. After this, in passing over Mt. Franklin we approached one of the few snow banks which had as yet successfully resisted the heat of summer. Some of the company went to it, and on their return gave us the opportunity of holding a fresh snow-ball on the twentieth of July. These banks usually remain until the first of August, and are always found on the southeast side of the mountains where the vigorous north-west winds deposit their snow to a great depth. Soon after we reached a small pond of cool, sweet water—quite a desideratum both for the company and our horses. Near by is the "Lake of the Clouds," a beautiful sheet of water occupying about three fourths of an acre, whose mirrored surface is so clear and tranquil that one might fancy it like that into which Eve first looked and "timidly withdrew." No fish or insect inhabits it; it remains unfrequented except by the occasional visit of one of those birds of passage

"Who dip their wings, and upward soar,
Leaving it quiet as before."

Having arrived at Mount Washington, one of our equestrian friends dismounted and gave us the privilege of ascending this magnificent summit on horseback. The top of the mountain is oval and embraces several acres. At the highest point visitors have erected a pile of stones, and the more ambitious have chiseled their names on the adjacent rocks. Here is the highest point of land within the limits of the twenty-six States. The showers of the preceding day had accomplished their errand in purifying the atmosphere from vapors and clouds. In every direction the eye could command a view varying from 70 to 100 miles.—To the east, we could discern the ocean in the vicinity of Portland, and follow the winding valley of the Saco till it lost itself among the hills of

Maine. To the west, the Green Mountains could be traced from the vicinity of the province to the peaks of Manchester, and nearer were the many spreading woodlands, the scattered villages, and the bright waters of the half-concealed lakes and rivers. But we have not the presumption to attempt to delineate what an abler pen than ours would pass over in silence. When, Gentle Reader, tired of the din and turmoil of business, you shall have come to this rich solitude of Nature, you will acknowledge that there are times when words are indeed feeble weapons. O! right truly did he speak, who said that "the heart and the thoughts of man are like a musician driven to play infinitely varied music on an organ which had but few notes." The soul which is full of inborn riches discovers in the impressions of visible nature, things which the lips cannot embody for want of language.

We here spread out the welcome collation which the provident fore-thought of our guide had provided. The severe exercise which we had undergone gave a keen relish to the occasion. There is no appetite so unfastidious in its requirements, and so happy in its gratification, as that produced by active exertion, especially when the effort has been sprinkled with adventure, and enlivened by agreeable companions. Before commencing our return we listened to a melodious song, the breathing harmony and delicate sentiments of which lighted up every countenance. Why should it not? We were now standing on one of Nature's most solemn and magnificent temples, around which the fragrant earth was sending up the incense of her thousand altars!

While the rest of our party hastened their descent, we loitered with a friend to collect a few specimens of the rock occurring on the mountain, as mementoes of our excursion. We arrived at the Notch House at half past two, having performed our journey in eight and a half hours. Our sense of weariness was not a little diminished by the well-timed dinner of our host. We wonder that in his age of storm making, magnetizing, life-prolonging patents it never has occurred to any of the numerous visitors to this region, that a wind-mill and windlass placed on the summit of Mount Washington might be turned to excellent account. Just fasten one extremity of a long cable to this whirling apparatus, and to the other attach a company of pedestrians in the vicinity of the Crawford's,—and then good-bye to mules and donkeys! The party would be seen scaling the cliffs with the rapidity of a steam-car! Undoubtedly Congress would have long since been applied to for some special privileges on this subject were it not for one difficulty. If that body were to get upon a discussion of its merits,—before their speeches were finished or a patent were obtained, all connexion between this wonderful invention and its ingenious author would be forgotten.

The Notch, its gleaming crags and leaping cas-

acades have often been celebrated in prose and verse. It is one of those beautiful scenes that so rarely occur in nature, almost realizing dreams.—Prosaic and dull as we were, we might have been poetic, had not a severe toothache dispelled every spice of sentimentality which the situation would otherwise have inspired. The opening of the Notch is at first so narrow as only to afford room for the road and narrow channel of the Saco. On some of the overhanging masses time has slowly wrought its work of ruin, or they have been torn from their lofty site by the "shaking tread" of an earthquake. They now lie broken into a thousand fragments; "which" as a gentleman present gravely remarked "must in their descent have rattled like emptying corn into a basket!"

Farther to the east the fissure widens, and the traveler has a view of the vast slides which occurred here in 182—. The melancholy fate of the Willey family has given a mournful interest to the place. Several thousand acres were precipitated into the narrow valley by the bursting of a cloud among the mountains. It occurred in the dead of the night; and the ill-fated family awakened to a sense of their peril, in endeavoring to escape, were overwhelmed in the rushing mass of ruin.

The house remains the sad evidence of this catastrophe, which seems to have anchored itself so frightfully in the recollections of the community that no one has since become its occupant. Towards the east is the spot where the unfortunate company were buried, while in pursuit of a safer retreat from the threatening deluge. How mysterious is the mission of Death! Sometimes we hear his mandate in the descending avalanche, and in the echoing thunder, and again the voice of his summons is so gentle that we almost forget the solemnity of his errand.

Our party having reached the limit of their proposed excursion, congratulated each other on the agreeable interview they had enjoyed, and in separating were cheered by the thought that their tour to the White Mountains would long be cherished among the treasured recollections of the past.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY ARTHUR THISTLETON, ESQ'R.

Here, gentle reader, is a subject worthy thy consideration. It is one of so much importance, so infinite, so all-embracing in its nature, it cannot be too often discussed. To us, the people of the United States, it is one of the most engrossing interest. It is the genius of Wisdom that watches like a guardian angel, over our liberties. Her influence must radiate the minds of our citizens; her spirit preside in our counsels. Upon the enlightenment of mind, upon the culture of its faculties depend our national existence and prosperity. Hence this subject cannot receive too much of our attention; cannot employ too many of our thoughts.

It is not enough that statesmen legislate upon it; that they make laws for its furtherance. It is not enough that schools and seminaries are established, and are in successful operation, rendered popular by universal acclaim; with all their helps, their appliances and popularity, there may be error, gross mismanagement in the systems pursued. They may be incompetent, fully to develop the rich gifts, the noble faculties bestowed upon man, the talents entrusted to his charge. The instruction received may tend to warp the judgment, to prejudice the mind, to strengthen it in error, to destroy the balance power in man's intellectual empire, to imbue him with a knowledge so superficial, that his energies have not their full strength, scope; are circumscribed, limited.

We would that the young saw the importance to them of improving to the utmost their youth-days. We would beseech them so to spend this golden period of their existence, in such a manner, that the past shall not rise up in bitter judgment against them; shall not condemn—shall not curse them with years of unavailing regret. We would that those who are blessed with the requisites necessary to store their minds with the treasures of knowledge, of lifting themselves above the common errors, would come to consider deeply, earnestly the importance of their being; the mighty mark to which they may address themselves if they will, in enlightening those who are below them, who wander in the darkness of ignorance; whose means and education render them incapable of possessing, enjoying the more rational and refined pleasures of their existence. But alas! these same, rather than sow the seeds of truth and knowledge in the minds of the ignorant, they look down upon them with a lofty, a supercilious contempt, as beings unworthy of their least regard or consideration. We greatly fear our system of education has something to answer for in this matter; aye, more than it can well excuse itself of.

To us it appears, particularly, that the system of female education, adopted in this country, is not the system we want, we should have; and we fear, if the error is not corrected, it will, after some fashion, correct itself, aye, we shall be made to comprehend, forcibly enough, in a way we wish not, the necessity of giving our daughters a higher intellectual culture than they now receive, than it is at present fashionable to possess. The wide difference between the education of the sexes, in the same ranks in life, is apparent, makes itself conspicuous more than enough. It is not well so. It creates a chasm, a disparity between them, injurious to social intercourse, destructive to domestic happiness, to human dignity.

It is here in America, where the spirit of ancient freedom spreads over an extended empire her broad protecting wing; where she suffers her children to choose how they shall be governed, that female education will have the happiest, or the most injurious effects, according as the mind is

elevated, its powers fully developed or depressed, and rightly or wrongly directed.

We are not one to frame complaints; to open our mouths at the expense of truth. Sterner thoughts and duties are ours. What we speak below is not the language of flattery. It is the language of sober truth; a truth every one can learn for themselves, if they will look around them; if they will search the records of the past.

What one of us is not discerning; aye, grateful enough to acknowledge that man in all parts of the civilized world, owes much of his fame, his glory and renown; his generous resolves, his loftiest emotions, the victorious energy of his nature, as well as his softer and milder virtues to the influence of woman? Who will own, that under her virtuous guidance, he has become reckless of all honor; has sunk into sluggish inactivity; forgot the dignity of his manhood; that man has sunk into crouching slaves, and effeminate despots?—Nay, she hath never done these things, but hath gladdened the island of man's existence; hath nerved his heart to contempt of danger; to dare, to endure; quickened him, imbued him with god-like aspirations, after virtuous excellence.

Who will not acknowledge the sway a mother holds over her child, the permanent influence she exerts, exercises in the formation of its character; in shaping, in determining its future destiny?—Here is her power pre-eminently made visible; here is it universally recognized; here too is her peculiar province—here she imbues the young heart with her own spirit; be it for good or for evil. How much of the man depends upon the mother! Yet for the faithful discharge of this most important trust; these highest, noblest of duties, how poorly is she qualified! How vain, how frivolous the education she exercises! How useless the accomplishments she passes her youth in acquiring!

It pains us to behold what triviality, what misery parents and teachers are entailing, are foistering upon the rising generation, by this very mis-education of our daughters. They are not trained in that knowledge; they are not initiated into those mysteries which are to fit them to act in the capacities of wives and mothers; to discharge the high and responsible duties of the matron; the nurses, the guardians, the instructors of infancy and youth; but rather how to practice the graces; how the mysteries of the toilet; how to win admiration; how to entrap admirers. Too often the daughter has it instilled into her mind, that the achene of her ambition should be, not to render herself most useful, but to secure the most splendid establishment; to marry well in the eyes of the world. In the opinion of her parents, and too often in her own, this is all that is necessary to complete her happiness.

She spends the spring of life; the precious golden day of her young existence, in perfecting herself in vain and frivolous accomplishments, which

render her not only a clod to domestic felicity, but they are useless to her when she steps forth into the proper sphere of her duties, of her activity. Upon her we cast not the blame, but upon those whose duty it is to guide, to direct, to instruct them. With these it rests whether they shall be well or ill taught;—half or thoroughly educated in the knowledge of themselves of their responsible duties. Let no one be afraid that she can become too well versed; too deeply imbued, initiated in the most elevated sciences. The God who endowed them with faculties, never designed they should be perverted or remain inactive.

EMULATION.

Teachers entertain very different opinions respecting the most effectual means to stimulate the young mind to constant, and unremitting diligence. One presents some desirable object as a reward to the fortunate scholar who the most successfully accomplishes his allotted task. Another threatens to inflict the severest punishment, if the lesson is not perfectly committed within a specified time. How many times have I seen the little tyros look up to their teacher with all the interest of which their little hearts were susceptible, while he assigned to them their task, and presented before them one or both of the notices which we have named. With what zeal have they commenced their lessons, but their very countenances showed, with how different feelings. One, conscious of possessing more intellectual strength, and a more ready memory than his fellow, casts a scornful smile to see him enter, as a competitor, for the prize, or endeavor to gain his teacher's approval. That smile strikes like a dagger at the young heart. He feels his inferiority, but his proud spirit was never made to bow with submission to his fellow. The one is animated in his task, by the certain prospect of surpassing his associate, and the other passes his time in sad reflections, of planning some means of revenge on his boasting companion. The one, perhaps, may have accomplished more than he would if no such motive had been presented, but the other has performed probably far less. But mark the moral effects. The most unkind feelings are produced, and cherished, by such procedure. The rising genius is crushed, and youthful ambition perverted. And all of this is to be attributed to the injudicious course of the teacher. The spirit of emulation, taken in the sense in which it is used in this article, should never be cultivated, nor any method adopted, to promote intellectual culture, which will debase the moral sentiments. We are not opposed to the practice of giving presents and toys, to children, in itself considered, but merely to the principle on which they are given. Let the toy be given, not because the scholar has excelled his associate, but because, in a reasonable time, considering his intellectual habits, he has surmounted his difficulties, and performed his task.

Mr Morgan, in his "Address to the Proprietors of the University of London," makes the following judicious remarks on the subject of prizes:—"A prize is the least effectual mode of accomplishing the desired object; it is founded on injustice, inasmuch as it heaps honors and emoluments on those to whom nature, has already been the most bountiful, and whose enjoyments are multiplied and increasing in a greater ratio than others, by the more easy acquisition of knowledge.—Praise and invidious comparisons, are only other forms of the same principle, alike fruitful in envy, pride, scorn and bitter neglect. In the curiosity of children, there is a sufficient and natural stimulant of the appetite for knowledge, and we live in a world abounding in the means of useful and pleasurable gratifications. All that is required of preceptors is to aid the development of the faculties with affection and judgement." The young need a stimulus, but we are not under the necessity of presenting unholy motives to accomplish this object. Moral motives, a desire to please parents and teachers, and a love of knowledge, are infinitely more salutary in their influence upon the young mind, than the unholy spirit of emulation.

[From the Common School Journal.]

A LECTURE.

BY G. F. THAYER, ESQ.

Delivered in Boston before an audience of Female Teachers.

(Concluded.)

By these practices, the mind acquires such a hankering after, and morbid relish for mischief, that no tree, or shrubbery, or flowers, or public embellishments, or exhibitions of art or taste, however beautiful or expensive, are sacred from the marring or destructive touch. A sensibility to the beautiful needs to be cultivated among us; and may easily be done with the young, if a proper and sincere value be placed upon it by ourselves, and the children see that our admiration is a reality. It exists much more generally in continental Europe, than in our own country. There, the decorations of public walks, parks, and gardens; the galleries of the arts, and the magnificent structures which adorn their cities, are looked at, enjoyed, admired, by all classes; and rarely, indeed, is the Vandal hand of mischief or destruction found to desecrate these monuments of a nation's refinement. But how is it with us? No sooner has the artist given the last touch to the fluted column, than some barbarian urchin chips off a wedge of it, in wanton sport. How often is our indignation excited by the painter's boy, who, as he passes the newly-erected dwelling or recently-painted wall, daubs it with his black paint-brush, for yards in length, as he saunters heedlessly along. And what more common, in almost all public buildings, in cupolas, observatories, &c., especially, for persons apprehensive of being

forgotten by posterity, than to cut out their names or their initials, as if this were their only road to immortality! In fact, such individuals can hardly aspire to a more enduring immortality for their names; or if they could, their fate, properly considered, would be like that adverted to by the poet.

"—damn'd to everlasting fame."

In how many ways does this recklessness of beauty, order and propriety, display itself! We observe it among men, gentlemen, reputed to be well bred. Let there be a public meeting in a well-furnished apartment, and if ballots for officers or committees are to be prepared, ten to one, the scribes will cut them apart on a polished mahogany table; or, if more convenient, on the lustrous top of a pianoforte! If these things are so, can we begin too early to introduce opposing influences?

The next item prohibits the meddling with the contents of another's desk, or unnecessarily opening one's own. Any just notion of the rights of property would make the former part of this rule superfluous. That point is, however, one to be acquired with little children, who, although they may understand and tenaciously claim what belongs to number one, are not so well instructed in the rights of number two. They have learned and perfectly comprehend the meaning of *meum*, but have not advanced as far as *tuum*. There are children of a larger growth, who seem to act on the same principle. They would have, like primitive Christians, "all things in common;" but are not disposed to contribute to the general stock.—How many of the trespasses of advanced life might be traced to beginnings on a scale as small as this!

The latter part of the rule would be found useful in preventing any inbreak upon the general order. If the desk open on hinges by a rising lid, the attention of surrounding pupils is distracted from their own occupations, to see what is going on with the neighbor; and probably, one side of a slate is carried up by the lid, which lifts it as high as the laws of gravitation will permit, to fall with a clatter that bids defiance to study. The boy himself, perhaps, is tempted to take his luncheon, concealed by the open lid, or to arrange some apparatus for play, to be introduced to his fellow at a convenient time, when it may be done with impunity; and when the lid falls, its noise will probably disturb all the children in the vicinity, if it do not at the same time interrupt a class exercise, which may be going on in a remote part of the room.

In a well-regulated school in Philadelphia, whose morning session consists of four hours, besides a recess of half an hour, at the middle of it, the pupils never open their desks but twice during the session; that is at the opening of the school, at nine o'clock, and at the close of the recess, when all do it, at a signal, simultaneously, and take out whatever they may have occasion to use for the coming two hours. Thus, much inconvenience

to the school is avoided; and the children at the same time acquire a habit of forethought and providence, which will be extremely useful in future life.

The use of *knives* is the thing next prohibited. In mere *primary* schools, this rule, and the one last mentioned, would find, perhaps, little to do. Some however, there are, I doubt not, even in such schools, who suffer from the too free use of knives, as their forms, desks, or benches, could testify. Nothing is more fascinating to a boy than a knife. And what pleasure can there be in possessing a knife, if one may not use it? Hence the trouble occasioned by the instrument. He early learns, in imitation of his *elders* if not his *bettors*, that wood was made to be cut, and that the mission of a knife is, to do the work.

This topic can hardly be thought out of place, by those who will look into the recitation-room of almost any of our colleges, where many a dunce, unworthy of any *degree*, soon, by his dexterity in this department, lays claim to that of master of the art,—of *hacking*; “and has his claim allowed.”

I well remember, too, as doubtless do many of my respected male auditory,—and those who do not can easily recall similar illustrations from their own recollections,—that the forms in the old county Court House, in Boston, were nearly demolished, so that it was difficult for a place to found of sufficient amplitude and smoothness, to support a paper to sketch a brief upon by the *industrious* lawyers of that renowned city!

If, then, this wretched practice is indulged in by the young gentlemen in our colleges and universities, and by the educated counsellors, in our very temples of justice, ought we not to endeavor to prevent its increase, by laying the axe at the root of the tree?

“To quit the schoolroom without leave; to pass noisily or upon the run through the entry or schoolroom;” are next forbidden. The propriety of these rules is so very obvious, as to make it almost unnecessary to advert to them. The former I shall pass over; its obligation is, I presume, universally enforced. The latter will ask of us a few moments' attention.

Whatever is connected with school, should, without becoming gloomy, austere, or forbidding in its aspect, be distinguished for quiet, for calmness, and order, and whatever militates against these, is entirely out of place. Hence, I would avoid making it the scene of play, however innocent in itself, unless at appointed intervals; and then, all plays should be of the most quiet nature. Some skilful teachers have succeeded in so dividing the time between study and recreation, and changing them by established signals, as to find no inconvenience from it; but each is pursued with its appropriate spirit, at its appointed seasons. For myself, however, I could not recommend the practice for general use, believing that the notion

of reverence, which we attach to a church, belongs in some degree, to the temple of education, and should not be violated by boisterous merriment. Hence, the rule prohibiting running through the schoolroom or noisy traveling, I deem of sufficient importance to be insisted on, not in school-hours only, but at all hours and all times.

Playing at any game in the schoolhouse is next forbidden, and that of *paw-paw*, any where. To retain marbles won in play is also prohibited. The reason for the first of these three items has been already intimated. The sacredness of the place furnishes it, and forbids whatever would introduce antagonist influences. The mind should be kept as much abstracted from dissipating causes, while acquiring knowledge, as possible. Consequently, there should be no admixture of extraneous elements in the scene of mental labor. The very implements of sport should find no place therein. Among the many arduous efforts of the teacher, none is rewarded with a more meager harvest than that of endeavoring to create or excite within the pupil the spirit of *application*; and just in proportion as the objects around him or in his desk remind him of his darling recreations, will his school-tasks be neglected, or pursued with a dreamy or divided attention. A schoolroom should have an atmosphere and influences of its own: while that is breathed and these are enjoyed, the results will be legitimate and satisfactory.—When the hours of recess arrive, let *play* be as absorbing to the pupil as his *lessons* were before. Let him work with his whole mind, and play with his whole heart; but each in its own time; each in its own place.

The game of *paw-paw* is thus particularly denounced, from being, wherever it has fallen under my notice, a peculiarly *low* game, practised little but by gamblers of the meaner sort, and usually for money; or with boys for marbles.—One addicted to this game, in the first place, almost inevitably falls into very degraded and corrupting society, where language, frightfully profane and revoltingly obscene, is the common vehicle of wicked and impure thoughts. All, among gamblers, meet on common ground; and for the enjoyment of the game, all other considerations are passed by. And, secondly, a passion for gaming, without an equivalent, what belongs to others, is fostered, and grows by indulgence, endangering one's habits and principles in all coming time; entailing, it may be, upon the man, the whole train of wretched consequences, bankruptcy in health, fortune, character, and future hopes; and upon his family, poverty and shame, starvation and remediless despair!

Such consequences are not confined exclusively to the game just mentioned; but are alike applicable to all games, by which the pockets of one party are picked by the other. And it is on this account, that boys, by the rule referred to, are forbidden to retain their winnings, in the game of

marbles. This game has somewhat to recommend it that *paw-paw* has not: it is a *boy's* game, and is never resorted to by any but boys; and, during its practice, it deals not with money, or any thing of much cost; but the effect dreaded, is, that it cherishes the gambling spirit.

Next, to *whittle* about the schoolhouse; to use any profane or indelicate language; to nick-name any one; to indulge in eating or drinking in school; to talk, laugh, play, idle, turn round in the form, to tease or otherwise call off the attention of others; to throw stones, snow-balls, or other missiles about the streets, are prohibited. I have already adverted to the *whittling* propensities of our people; but, with your permission, I will add a remark or two, with a view to placing this national peculiarity in a stronger light. So proverbial have we become, among foreigners, in this respect, that, if a Yankee is to be represented on the stage, you find him with a jackknife in one hand, and in the other a huge bit of pine timber, becoming every moment smaller, by his diligent handiwork. If he is talking, arguing, or more appropriately, if he is driving a bargain, you find him plying this, his wonted trade, with all the energy and dexterity of a beaver; and, as it was once said of an English advocate, that he could never plead, without a piece of packthread in his hands, so the Yankee would lose half his thrift, unless the knife and wood were concomitants of his chaffering. But the habit is, *otherwise*, tendency, and ought to be checked. He indulges in it without discrimination, upon whatever is cut-able; and, worse than the white ant, which saws down and carries away whole human habitations, when they have become deserted, the whittling Yankee would hack your dwelling in present occupation, until he rendered you houseless. Let the mischief be checked betimes; do it at school; showing, at the same time, the uselessness, the folly, and the annoying nature, of the habit. It is not merely at home, among our own people, that it is practised by us; but we carry it with us wherever we go, and even, among strangers, establish our New England identity by it. This is illustrated by the following *hit*, taken from a late newspaper?

“*A chip of the old block.*—A friend who is making a visit at Louisville, Kentucky, writes us under date of the ninth, as follows:—“Wanted, three thousand cedar posts, cut into suitable lengths for *whittling*; to be delivered at the Louisville chancery court.” The foregoing is a copy of an advertisement in this morning's paper. The fact is, at the circuit court, all the lawyers cut the counter or bar without intermission, pulling out their long knives, and slicing off huge pieces without mercy. I hope the new courthouse will be finished soon, or they will be shaved out of house and home.” On which the editor remarks, “We have always *supposed* Louisville largely impregnated with Yankee blood; but these facts establish its genealogy beyond a doubt.”

Bad language is to be checked of course. It is a vice that in the language of Chesterfield, "has no temptation to plead, but is, in all respects, as vulgar as it is wicked." The gentleman no less than the Christian is above it. Still, nothing is more contagious; and it should be avoided, as well on account of the effect of its example on others, as from its intrinsic turpitude.

Nick-names are objectionable, because they irritate the persons to whom they are applied, and because they become permanent appellations, frequently attached to individuals even to old age. We know of an instance of a teacher who was driven to actual lunacy, by the persecuting tenacity of his schoolboys in this folly.

Eating and drinking in school will hardly need to be adverted to. They are (in hours of study, especially) as much out of place as they would be in a church. And the other misdemeanors mentioned must be of course expelled, as, wholly inconsistent with decorum in a school-room.

There seems to be a fascination about the throwing of stones and snow-balls, wholly irresistible to schoolboys, which, from the annoyance and danger of it, in cities, has called for municipal interference. The injuries often attending these exercises demand rigorous prohibitions, in the schools of all our large towns, at least.

Next, the pupil is forbidden to strike, kick, push, or otherwise annoy, his associates. *Striking*, from the time of Cain to the present day, has been common in all communities where two individuals have been found together, and arises from a propensity in our nature, implanted for self-protection, but which, unless directed by the discretion of a mind judiciously trained, is ever prone to exhibit itself in acts of domination or violence, and demands the promptest and most decisive action of every teacher to repress. *Striking*, however, much to be deprecated as it is, is far less dangerous than *pushing*, and *kicking*, to which schoolboys are equally addicted. The evil of these cannot be measured in advance. The offender knows not how serious may be the consequence from a fall occasioned by the one feat, or an ill-directed application of the foot in the other. Persons have been brought to a premature grave, or made useless cripples for life, by these inconsiderate, childish follies. A word of caution on this topic, daily, from teachers who have the charge of boys, would be usefully bestowed.

Other and higher considerations connected with this subject are involved in the *summary* of the prohibitions, as pointing to the heavenly principle, by which children should be guided, in their conduct towards one another. The words are these: "In fine, to do any thing which the *law of love* forbids; that law which requires us to do to others as we should think it right that they should do unto us." Guided by this golden rule, children as well as adults, would never voluntarily do wrong;

but, creatures of impulse, they act *first* and think afterwards if they think at all; and need the constant check of the friendly teacher, to keep their duties in mind. Not that they are specially prone to *evil*; they are not. They are full of the germ, of excellence. But *heedlessness* is the great characteristic of their period of life, and renders the "line upon line and precept upon precept" so indispensable.

The *spirit* of the school rules at which we have glanced, should be carried into every family. It is not enough to present the summary at which we have arrived; we should also insist on minor particulars, by words and actions, not at school only, but at home, where great familiarity produces influences unfavorable to the exercise of courtesy,—such as the closing of all doors, especially in cold weather; the doing of it gently, without *slamming*; moving quietly over the floor; abstaining from shouting, whistling, boisterous plays, wearing the hat in the house, &c. Just in proportion as such habits can be secured by your labors, will you bring down upon your heads the blessings of mothers, worn by care, by sickness, and the rudeness of their offspring. Powerless themselves, to produce a reformation, their gratitude to you will be sincere and heartfelt.

Children should be taught to take leave of their parents and friends, on going to school, and to offer the friendly salute and kind inquiry, on returning home. Nothing tends more to strengthen the silken chords of family affection, than these little acts of courtesy; and their influence on the observer is highly favorable to benevolent feeling. If these points are attended to in our families, they will not fail of being carried into company, where they are always a coin of sterling value. But it is not at school, at home, or in company, only that this is to be regarded. In the street, and in the church especially, children should be courteous. All noise should be suppressed, not from respect to the place alone, but from regard to the comfort of others. I have known persons of sober minds to be wholly distracted from their devotions, by the drumming of a child with his foot, during the religious services. Such habits are exceedingly annoying to delicate nerves.

Cutting and trimming the nails in church is an abominable practice; and yet there are persons, who, one would think, from the perfect regularity with which they devote a portion of time to it, and the long continued business they make of it, not only never attend to it elsewhere, but consider it as one of the prescribed exercises of the house of prayer! I know of a lady who has actually been driven from the sanctuary, by the persevering practice in this, of a person, falling under her eye, in a neighboring pew. It is a sacrilege truly revolting to a reflecting mind. Our masters of politeness forbid our making this "sacrifice to the graces," even in the presence of any one. It is to be done in our private apartment, as much as

making our toilet or performing our morning ablutions; and shall we desecrate the temple of the Most High by such profanation!

There are many occasions in *traveling* which call for the exercise of courtesy. It may be shown by preferring others' ease or accommodation to our own; especially, if the aged, or females, or children, are in company. It is a duty required of us by the highest authority; and it is one whose exercise always secures its own reward. To surrender a superior seat to one who needs it more than we do; to close the avenue through which the damp or cold wind is entering and pouring upon the neck of a feeble fellow passenger, and she a woman, perhaps unfriended and alone, imparts a delightful emotion. And even to relieve the weary mother of the burden of her child, for a short stage, or to toy with it and soothe it to tranquillity, when the unwonted scenes have excited it to fretfulness, is not unworthy of our thought, but furnishes another illustration of mercy's double blessing.

There is a native goodness of heart which inclines some adults to these little acts of courtesy, without any hint or instruction from others; but the young are not apt to think of them. They are likewise often selfish, and need to be reminded of their duty. They are not only thus negatively deficient, but sometimes positively rude, from inconsideration. You find them indulging in loose conversation, perhaps profane,—singing, whistling, and even smoking,—to the obvious annoyance of those about them; and scarcely willing to abstain, although entreated to do so, to prevent the positive sickness of those who have the misfortune to be in their company.

How many of these evils, not trifling in amount, might be prevented by an early training in all our schools, notwithstanding the counteracting influences of the ill-bred at home. It is certainly an object worthy to engage our attention; for it is called for in every situation in which a human being may be placed, in the presence of his fellow-man. It belongs to the mart of business as well the family circle, the school, or any of those situations to which I have alluded. It forbids a man to wound his neighbor in a lecture, or even in debate,—though great is the latitude allowed in these. It will not forget the feelings of others, which each one of us has sometimes in his keeping; and if an unpleasant remark must be uttered, it requires that it be expressed in terms,—the gentlest possible by which the desired object may be effected. It remembers that,

"As the soft feather best impels the dart,
Good language takes the satire to the heart;"

and thus, while most it spares, is surest of its victory.

Courtesy is not always exhibited in words or acts. The tone of the voice may speak more than a studied paragraph. It is capable of administering consolation and even pleasure, when words

themselves have lost their power. It is a trite adage, that "the manner of reading is as important as the matter." The spirit of the saying is equally applicable to our subject. The manner of doing a genuine kindness affixes to it its principal value. A look even may express it most emphatically. In fact, the appropriate tone, and look and manner, are indispensable, in all these offerings. They are emanations of the *benevolence* of courtesy; and attest to that element in which comprises its essence, its only intrinsic recommendation.

He who said, "be courteous," undoubtedly intended, not only that the outward behavior should be such as to conciliate the good will of others, but that the act should arise from emotions of kindness towards fellow-beings,—emotions, springing up in the heart, spontaneous breathings of philanthropy towards our neighbor, our countryman, our brother of the family of man.

Let this be the end and aim of all our teachings. And while we, in every proper way, and at all suitable times and places, inculcate this grace upon our pupils,—whether by minute, and as some may think, insignificant particulars, or by aiming at the higher and more obvious duties, which it involves,—let it be a primary object with us to be what we would make; to practice what we preach; to move the living example of the finished character we draw.

This will be found the most successful mode of securing the result of our labors. In fact, this alone, unaided by any instruction, will effect tenfold more than all the instruction we can furnish, without it. It is the practical lesson, seen, felt, immediately copied, and never forgotten.

What our school-children are to be,—refined or clownish, orderly or careless, pure or corrupt, benevolent or malicious, profane or moral; and consequently, cherished or neglected, esteemed or avoided, loved or despised, venerated or hated,—may depend essentially upon us; on what we do or leave undone; on our fidelity to our precious charge, or our self-indulgence and neglect of opportunities.

President Wayland, of Brown University, has remarked, that "he who is not able to leave his mark upon a pupil, ought never to have one."

Teachers of both sexes and of all grades,—in whatever department of education engaged,—let each one of us so instruct, so teach, by precept and example, not only in courtesy, but in whatever is honorable, holy, just, and pure, that our mark may be of more worth in this world to every pupil, than the badge of the Legion of Honor to the distinguished soldiers of Napoleon; and, in the world to come, a passport to the mansions of the blest!

True courage is to be found only in connection with stern moral principles. It may even then sometimes waver; but as in Cranmer, it will put the hand that would falter first into the flame!

[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT,
The Learned Blacksmith.

There are new developments of human character, which, like the light of distant stars, are yet to visit the eye of man and operate upon human society. Ever since the image of the God-head was first sketched in Eden, its great Author and angels have been painting upon it; men have tried their hands upon it; influences like the incessant breath of heaven, have left each line upon the canvass; still the finishing stroke of the pencil will not be accomplished until the last, lingering survivor of "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" "is changed in the twinkling of an eye."

The hemisphere of the present age is studded all over with such pearls "and patines of bright gold," as never shone before in the heavens of the human soul. In these latter days, the waves of time have washed up from depths that angels never fathomed, "gems of purer light serene" than were ever worn before in the crown of man. We are now but half way advanced in the new cycle of human history. The race is but just emerging from the long-reaching shadows of an iron age, and coming out, into the starlight and sunlight of new influences. If, as we are assured, scores of new stars have taken rank with the heavenly hosts, during the last two centuries, stars brighter than they, have, in the same period, kindled up new lights in the moralament.—Among these new stars, one, a little lower than that of Bethlehem, has just appeared above the horizon. It is the star of WOMAN'S INFLUENCE. Influential Woman is a being of scarcely two centuries: up to that period, and almost hitherto, her influences have fallen upon human character and society, like the feeble rays of a rising winter's sun upon polar fields of ice. But her sun is reaching upward. There is a glorious meridian to which she shall surely come as to-morrow's rising sun shall reach his in our natural heavens. What man will be, when she shall shine upon him then and thence, we are unable to divine; but we can find an anticipation from the influences of her dawning rays. Her morning light has gilded the visions of human hope, and silvered over the night shadows of human sorrow. There has been no depth of human misery beyond the reach of her ameliorating influence, nor any height of human happiness which she has not raised still higher. Whoever has touched at either of these extremities or at any of their intervening points, could attest that "neither height nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present or to come," could divert or vitiate the accents and anodynes of her love. Whether we trace the lineaments of her character in the mild twilight of her morning sun, or in the living beams of her

risen day, we find that she has touched human society like an angel. It would be irreverent to her worth to say, in what walks of life she has walked most like an angel of light and love; in what vicissitudes, in what joys or sorrows, in what situations or circumstances, she has most signally discharged the heavenly ministrations of her mission; what ordeals have been brought out the radiance of her hidden jewels; what fruitions of earthly bliss, or furnaces of affliction, have best declared the fineness of her gold. Still there is a scene, which has escaped "the vulture's eye" and almost every other eye, where she has cast forth her costliest pearls, and shown such qualities of her native character as almost merit our adoration. This scene has been allotted to the *drunkard's wife*. How she has filled this most desperate outpost of humanity, will be revealed when the secrets of human life shall be disclosed "to more worlds than this." When the history of hovels, and of murky garrets shall be given in; when the career of the enslaved inebriate shall be told, from the first to the lowest degree of his degradation—there will be a memorial made of woman, worthy of being told and heard in heaven. From the first moment she gave up her young and hoping heart, and all its treasures into the hands of him she loved, to the luckless hour when the charmer, wine, fastened around the loved one all the serpent spells of its sorcery—down through all the crushing of her young-born hopes—through years of estrangement and strange insanity—when harsh unkindness bit at her heartstrings with an adder's tooth—thence down through each successive depth of disgrace and misery, until she bent over the drunkard's grave; through all these scenes, a halo of divinity has gathered around her and stirred her to angel-deeds of love. When the maddened victim tried to cut himself adrift from the sympathy and society of God and man, she has clung to him, and held him to her heart "with hooks of steel." And when he was cast out, all defiled with his leprous pollution—when he was reduced to such a *thing* as the beasts of the field would bellow at—there was one who still kept him throned in her heart of hearts; who could say over the fallen, drivelling creature: "Although you are nothing to the world, you are all the world to me." When that awful insanity of the drunkard set in upon him, with all its fiendish shapes of torture; while he lay writhing beneath the scorpion stings of the fiery phantasies and furies of *delirium tremens*—there was woman by his side, enslaved with all the attributes of her loveliness. There was her tearful, love-beaming eye, that never dimmed but with tears when the black spirits were at him.

There she stood alone, and in lone hours of night, to watch his breathings, with her heart braced up with the omnipotence of her love.—No! brute as he was, not a tie which her young heart had thrown around him in his bright days

had ever given away, but had grown stronger as he approached the nadir of his degradation. And if he sank into that dark, hopeless grave, she onswathed him in her broken heart, and laid it in his coffin; or if some mighty angel's arm or voice brought him up from the grave of drunkenness, the deepest ever dug for man, he came forth Lazarus-like, bound fast and forever within the ceremonies of her deathless affection.

Such is her sceptre; such are the cords which she throws around the wayward and the wandering, and leads him back to virtue and to heaven, saying, as she gives him in: "*here am I and he whom thou gavest me.*"

Worcester, Mass., July 3, 1841.

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL ENERGY INDISPENSABLE TO HUMAN HAPPINESS.

Whether we shall spend a life of groveling, senseless inactivity, or rising, grasping at noble ends, is a question, which too frequently finds admittance, even into the good man's breast. Does an hour's reflection of the past—of the present—or, of the future, prevail upon reason to choose the better part,—returning nature with a thousand little momentary impulses, seeks to rob the noble purpose of its elevation. Yet that every individual, should pursue a course of persevering, energetic action, is an assertion which meets with universal acceptance. This is a principle neither new nor unknown to any one, even of the least understanding. Forgotten truths of the utmost importance, which seem implanted in our very nature, and spring up with the first dawn of our existence, are those to which we devote the least attention. A moment's reflection upon this point, cannot but satisfy us as to the design of our Creator. The phenomena of man's formation intimated in no obscure way the part which he was destined to act in the drama of existence. Endowed with the brightest and most distinguishing attributes,—with a mind infinite in its expansion, eternal in its duration, what thence is there, too vast for his comprehension? what work too high for his daring? While the whole animate creation is confined to the narrow and groveling limits of instinct, it is his prerogative to extend his researches beyond his own immediate wants, and delight and improve himself in the investigation of the laws which govern the universe. But notwithstanding his noble qualities, well may we exclaim with the poet:

"What is man,
If his chief good and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed?
Surely He who made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not that capacity
of thought
And Godlike reason to rest in us unused!"

Should man become an inactive being, the design of his formation would be defeated.—There would be no end, no prize, for him to gain or lose. Created for nothing, doing nothing, he would be a cypher in the restless changing world

of matter around him. Even the history of our personal feelings, would we but consult them, must decide the course, we ought to pursue. During the season of vigorous employment, and untiring exertion, no time can be allotted for the indulgence of gloomy forebodings or dismal reflections. There is nought that can long disturb the serenity of a mind usefully and constantly employed. It is the slothful who dwell in the land of shadows. It is the unnerved, the undecided, who are hurried along by the circling eddies to those dark and troubled waters, whence there is no return! Such are they who are always disturbed by a thousand imaginary evils!—always credulous, and yet incredulous—always ready yet ever doubting "whether to be or not to be." How uninviting appears the course of indolence when compared with its opposite. For when are the pleasures of life, the true delights of existence most profusely scattered, if not where noble action is seen in its greatest vigor! It creates in the human breast an exhilaration, a flow of spirits; awakens latent energies, tender and sympathetic feelings, which might have slumbered, and never disclosed the happiness which they impart. Those moments are fraught with the greatest interest, and pleasure in which the spirit of life is glowing with the greatest intensity, in which the energies of the soul are finding their most perfect expansion. To a mind thus occupied no situation can be destitute of interest. We may consign its possessor to the damp and gloomy dungeon, and yet the rayless gloom and narrow walls of his lowly prison house, will not be his only light nor boundaries; for the light within him is brighter than the meridian sun, and more capacious than the universe. There is, however a certain course of action, so nearly allied to inaction as to render it impossible to distinguish the difference. It is opposed to every thing that is out of the beaten track. In the language of another "it is content to be lashed forever around the same circle of miserable expedients." To such the very name of experiment is a sound of horror—a spell to conjure, up the most dismal images, and forebodings. They seem not to know that all that is valuable in life, that the acquisition of science and the refinements of art, are the results of experiments. It is the craven spirit that going back to the days of the Philanthropist, would have denounced that zeal which encompassed sea and land, in the cause of humanity; which would have censured the untiring exertions of the former, in defence of eternal truth, and hushed the voice that wakes the world from "its slumber of centuries." Yes! it would restrict religion to the spot of its origin, and bend obsequiously to the yoke of tyranny however oppressive. Such are the characters, such the spirits, of whom an ancient worthy remarks, "Better live mad than not to live." Surely the pleasures that are hued out in the advance, and the evils which must overtake the delinquent are sufficient

to sustain our position. To him who is loitering upon the banks of the passing river; to him who is turning aside from the rugged path of the mountain; to him who is turning the short day of his improvement, into a dreary, dreamy night of neither life nor death is the call of action! That call is enforced by the designs of his Maker; by his own personal experience! ay more! Even the ceaseless change of inanimate nature would seem to intimate the same: for,

"Rivers into the ocean run, nor stay in all their course,
Stars ascending seek the sun—both speed them to their source."

We would not inculcate a hair-brained, eccentric course of action, but the reverse; while it is vigorous, let it be steadfast. Let our model be one whose principles are not left to the mercy of circumstances; let his course be decided yet onward! Around one thus fortified the conflicting elements of faction will rage in vain; for though a thousand tempests should lower darkly over his path for the present, yet he is not to pause in his career, until the mandate shall go forth that he is to cease from his labors. For then his works, the offspring of the immortal mind, shall long survive, and the memory of what he was, shall arise afar off, like some towering landmark in the solitude of the past, long after the feeble and irresolute spirits which surrounded him shall have shrunk away into oblivion.

Long Island.

"A Cloud floated in the horizon—a light and lovely one."

There's beauty in yon snowy cloud,
So softly tinged with sunset's glow,
It seems some angel-spirit's shroud
While hovering o'er the world below.

Some beauteous spirit near the throne,
Intent perchance on human weal,
This fleecy robe around has thrown,
His dazling glory to conceal.

'Tis not the threatening cloud that play'd
Round Sinai's dark and awful brow,
A purer light from mercy stray'd
And beams with milder lustre now.

This lonely, bright and fragile thing—
Pure vestment of our sunny skies,
Once bore the Savior on its wing
And caught the hues of Paradise.

Night's glittering fields of azure spread
With starlike gems to deck her brow,
On earth a shadowy beauty shed,
And "cloud-land" veils her glories now.

Spirits of loved ones hovering near
With beauty veiled in drapery bright,
In dreams of fancy now appear,
Among the holy things of night.

Perchance they wander silent, lone,
When dazzled by Heaven's unclouded day,
And linger round their early home,
To watch o'er dear ones shrouded in clay.

Oh! well seraphic eyes may melt,
And pearly drops their lustre dim,
When those so loved, and watched and wept,
From virtue swerve, and stoop to sin.

HARRIET.